

When I asked him a question, he would only sigh. The teacher who taught the term before me left a little note in the register which stated that 'Willie couldn't learn anything, don't bother with him.' Even the director told me, 'You can't understand Willie; he is dull—there will be nothing for him to do but become a farmer.'

"I had a kindly feeling for Willie, for I hadn't been very bright myself. One night I said to him:

"Willie, do you think your mother would care if I would have you help me with my work evenings after school—carry in wood, sweep the floor, etc.?"

"He said, 'No, sir.'

"I wrote his mother a little note and asked if Willie could stay. I wanted to know more about him. The next night after a little work, I began to talk to him and asked him questions. At first he sighed.

"Where do you live?' I asked.

"Why, we live a mile south and seventy-four rods west."

"How many acres does your father own?"

"Thirty-nine and three-fourths," he answered.

"You mean forty, don't you?"

"No," he said. "The road comes around the slough and cuts off a little piece; there's just thirty-nine and three-fourths acres."

"I asked him many other questions about the crops, the pigs, and the cows, and soon I began to wonder whether Willie or the teacher was the 'Dully,' and it didn't take me long to decide that it was the teacher. He knew all about the cows and pigs, how many tons of hay were put up, and a hundred and one things of interest to him.

"I went home, but as I traveled back and forth to that school I said to myself: What is education? Why are these boys and girls here in this school? Isn't it true that these people are paying taxes thinking that these boys will go out into the world fitted for the duties of life? The boys to work on the farms, in the offices or in the factories, the girls to make homes? Yet how

much am I teaching them to do these things?"

"Next morning when this class was called, I said, 'Boys and girls, close your books. Now, Sue, stand up.' She was a sister of Willie's and at the head of the class.

"How many pigs have you at home?"

"Pigs?" she exclaimed. She evidently thought I had made a terrible mistake, because I talked about pigs.

"Haven't you any pigs at home?"

"Yes," she said, 'I guess we have.'

"How many?" She didn't know. I asked several of the others, who all said they didn't know. Then I asked Willie. Willie got up very proudly and answered every question I asked him.

"Do you know that boy was never called Dully from that minute on? No, sir! That boy reformed that school and he reformed the teacher.

"Dully is a successful man today."

Prof. Holden says, "Education is the training of both brain and brawn—mind and muscle. Men and women must be trained to meet the demands of everyday life and activity which concern human welfare. If we are to help the world and humanity, we must help through the things which concern all the people—through the things that they give the world; their days, their toil, their labor.

"The human race was made long before books were made. Books are tools, like the axe to the woodsman. They are great conveniences, but they are not the end.

"The boy who has raised a calf or a pig has learned some of the principles of feeding, and this, with the profit he received, makes the world worth while. There must be a motive. There must be real problems. These develop strength, self-confidence, and ability."

To carry the most practical results of human experience to the people, where they are, and as they are—to help them with their own peculiar problems—is the need of the hour. Educational extension demands the earnest effort of every American. This is the function